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ELECTIONEERING IN THE GRAND OLD MANNER.

(By Our Lightning Impressionist.)

FOLLOWING the lead of one of your contemporaries, with an open mind and a blank note-book, I dashed amongst the Metropolitan Candidates, determined to ascertain their political principles. My first visit was to Mr. T. H. BOLTON, of North Saint Pancras, who met me in Gray's-Inn Square.

"Mr. BOLTON, Sir," I said preparing my pencil, "I believe I am right in saying, that you have carried a Bill legalising some very extraordinary ties?"

"I have, Sir," returned the Hon. Gentleman, exultingly placing his right hand near his shirt-collar, and smoothing an effective "arrangement" in silk. "I have, Sir, and shall now go about in peace—without molestation."

"And what do you think of Mr. GLADSTONE?"

"One of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

Perfectly satisfied with Mr. BOLTON's views, I rushed off to see Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, who it will be remembered, represents the London University. I found the Hon. Baronet tending some bees.

"Sir JOHN, I think we owe to you the Bank Holiday, which has given so many weary clerks a day's leisure?"

"You are very good indeed to say so," he replied. "Yes, I think the statutory twenty-four hours of recreation, which I assisted in establishing, have made the country better."

"They have indeed," I returned heartily, "nothing could be more delightful than a seaside place, after it has been invaded by a herd of Bank-Holiday trippists. And now, about Mr. GLADSTONE—what do you say about him?"

"I think him one of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

Thus assured that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was the best possible candidate for a Liberal constituency, I made my way with the least possible delay, to Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID. I found that amiable gentleman taking lunch with Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE.

"What are your opinions, Sir JULIAN?" I asked.

"That my worthy friend here, is the best man in the world, and that nothing could exceed the grace, utility, the wearability of his furniture."

"Pray, stop," I said, as I noticed on the cheek of Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE, a slight blush. "Banish from your mind all thoughts of the Establishment in the Tottenham Court Road."

"Which is unique and in the long run most economical," cried Sir JULIAN, enthusiastically.

"And tell me, what you think of Mr. GLADSTONE."

"One of the greatest Statesmen of the day."

These three visits, must serve as a sample of the rest. Go, where I would, I heard but one opinion—that the Grand Old Man was indeed the noblest and best of Premiers. Under these circumstances, can there be a doubt of the result of the Election?

THE BALL AT GUILDHALL.

(Friday, June 25.)

SAID GOO to MAGOO, "Now, did you ever?"

Says MAGOO to GOO, "Decidedly never!"

India, Colonies, thousands invited,

Here's a true Jubilee, Britons united

Under the Home Rule of Good Queen VIC.!

HER MAJESTY's health! Now, toss it off quick!

Moët and Chandon, and Pommery! come!

Imperial cheers! Not another word,—Mumm.

The health of ourselves all over the world

Wherever the British flag's unfurled.

Here's to the palm-grove, the orange and myrtle,

Hail to great Albion! cold punch and turtle!

Here's to Hibernia's Ulsters and Papals,

Hoorah for the Church, and three cheers for the STAPLES!"

Says GOO to Old MAGOO, "Wine's got in my head;"

Says MAGOO to GOO, "All ri—go to bed."

Revival of Wonders.

IN the log of the *Bacchante* it is seriously and circumstantially stated that no less than thirteen persons witnessed a veritable apparition of the *Flying Dutchman*. What next? Of course the Sea Serpent may be expected shortly to turn up again, and nobody will wonder at a full, true, and particular report of the reappearance of the *Wandering Jew*.

IN the list of the Public Bills of this Session, is one entered as—

"Idiots [Lords] . . . Brought from the Lords, April 13."

It ought to have been the first, instead of the thirteenth of April, to have been perfect.

THE so-called "Fenian Manifesto," published by the *Times*, was less a "manifest toe" than the revelation of a bit of the cloven foot.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(A last fond look at the Academy.)

A MODUS VIVENDI.—Self-government for Ireland alike with Scotland. If Home Rule can't be killed, couldn't you Scotch it?



No. 285. Harvest Time at the Chiropodist's.



No. 149. Gardens of a Brandy-and-Water-cure Establishment. Patient alarmed. "Don't be frightened, dear," said the Attendant; "it is a toad."



No. 63. On Guard; or, Stealing out of a Tent.



No. 87. The Promise of Spring broken. Mechanical Dolls out of working order.



No. 283. Meant for, and presented to, Madame Patti. Fortunately the frame-maker has most considerably put the name underneath.

THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(Lines to a Lady in explanation of your Representative's Conduct.)

DID I seem worried? Forgive, my dear Madam, me!
But at the "Swarry" of the Royal Academy [fair]
I tried my best to find MARY, the Miss MARY ANDERSON, hearing she was there.
"Prithce, gentle HORSLEY, MARY have you seen?"
"No—but LA LANGTRY and DOROTHEA DENE,
Also Lady COLIN—what a lovely gown!"

"Yes—but I'm told that MARY's come to town."
"Go ask the President, he'll tell you true,
If MARY ANDERSON has said, How d've do."
Will he tell me plainly? Take my affidavit
That he *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*.
But he replies with courtesy and grace,
"Miss MARY here has shown her pretty face;
And," adds Sir FREDERICK, in a lower tone,
"Tis a good half-hour since MARY has been . . . gone!"
Pray, Madam, change the opinion you had o' me:
At the last "Swarry" of the Royal Academy.

COMPETITION IN THE FIELD.—The Friday Review, July 2nd.
What will the Saturday say?



No. 1093. A lively Sunday at Home, with all Hymns and no Hers.

Alarming Rumour.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE a statement to the effect that the Grand Stand is to be abolished at the coming Henley Regatta. Now, Sir, what does this mean? Does it mean that the magnificent gratuitous luncheons at the various House-boats—most emphatically the "Grand Stand"—are to be disestablished? If that is the case, I for one shall not be present; as I take it, the "Grand Stand," as understood by me, is the only thing one goes to the Regatta for. Yours voraciously,
THE FREE LUNCHEONER.

At that muddle-headed affair, the laying of the first stone of the Tower Bridge, where the wrong reply was given to the Prince to read—how pleased H.R.H. must have been when he found himself obliged to talk about "the first pile" as if he had been engaged in laying down a carpet, when he had been doing nothing of the sort—it is reported that the Bishop of London's dedicatory prayer was rendered inaudible by the cannon of the Tower, which got up their big boom at the wrong time. For even big guns to interfere with a Bishop in the discharge of his office must be quite contrary to Cannon Law.

A CORRECTION.—In our notice of the *Troubadour*, we alluded to the nationality of the talented Librettist as Dutch. Dr. HUEFFER, we are informed, is a Westphalian. Unlucky association of names! Whatever Mr. MACKENZIE's music may be, the libretto of *The Troubadour* is, to our thinking, decidedly suggestive of Worst-failure.

DEAR old Mrs. R. says her favourite song is "The Lost Accordion."

FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

A MIDSUMMER MONODY. 1886.



FAREWELL to the Season! Not often
We take it so early as June;
But CHAMBERLAIN nothing could soften,
The Parties were all out of tune.
And so dissolution confronts us,
Ere roses are fairly in bloom,
And GLADSTONE from Westminster hunts us
To challenge our fate, and his doom.

FAREWELL to the Season! 'Twas scurvy
Of WILLIAM to play us this trick,
Sets everything all topsy-turvy,
And banishes trade to Old Nick.
The Shopkeeper sighs with vexation,
The Milliner moans in despair;
In the West there is wild tribulation;
Teeth-grinding and tearing of hair.

FAREWELL to the Season! The hunter
Of husbands is baulked of her game.
There is grief in the bosom of GUSTER,
All Regent-Street's soul is a-flame.
The Row is a wilderness utter,
The Livery Stables look sad,
The Cab-drivers mournfully mutter,
And Materfamilias goes mad.

The Parties have spoiled many parties,
Dished many a dinner and dance;
Oh, out on JOE's anger and HARRY's,
That drove them to war a-outrance!
And if the Midlothian tall-talker
Solicits the Shopkeepers' vote,
The answer will be one loud "Walker!"
From Shopdom's unanimous throat.

Farewell to the Season! How dingy
A pall seems this close premature.
The shirkers, the stumped, and the stingy
May welcome the change to be sure;
But votaries of Commerce and Cupid,
Young seekers of fortune or fame,
All hold it confoundedly stupid,
And vote it a thundering shame!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 21.—Quite a crowd in the Lords. Markise early in his place, his black beard bristling with threats of war. The gentle GRANVILLE absent, still confined to his room by his ancient enemy. In such circumstances the Markise more than ever truculent. Only GRANVILLE, with his benignant smile, his drawing voice, his lisp'd r's, and his courteous manner, can stand before the Markise. SHERBROOKE might do it. At one time thought he would. But SHERBROOKE blinks from a back bench, and takes no part in any fray. Evidently finally taken off his armour, and put away his lance.

Presently cause of battle-array explained. In other House Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, getting up early in the morning, succeeded in adding to Returning Officers' Charges' Bill Clause throwing Returning Officers' costs on Rates, so making possession of wealth less necessary on part of Parliamentary Candidate. Evidently this would never do. SPENCER, with pretty air of doing nothing particular, moved Second Reading of Bill. KIMBERLEY pleaded in vain for compromise. Markise scornfully brushed suppliants aside, gave an incidental left-hander to GLADSTONE, and declared he would have none of the Commons' Amendments. Ministers capitulated, and the Markise, stepping over their prostrate bodies, returned to his Castle.

In the Commons STAFFORD HOWARD read long paper on Indian Finances. House moderately full at question-time; over two hundred present. But before HOWARD rose, great majority had disappeared, and, ere he sat down, had read all but thirty-two out. RANDOLPH, in sole possession of Front Opposition Bench, listened with interest. Made frequent notes. Evidently about to make a speech. Which he did. A faint wave of interest when he rose, but didn't last. RANDOLPH temporarily blown himself out in his blast against the Good Old Man. Dull and proxy to last degree.

Business done.—Indian Budget introduced.

Tuesday, 1'10 A.M.—House still sitting. Expected when we came down last night proceedings would last only an hour or two. Safe to be home to dinner. But they dragged on over midnight, and here we are in a languid House beginning to blaze up in anticipation of row. Ireland, of course. Parnellites wanted to go into Committee on Municipal Franchise (Ireland) Bill. C. LEWIS opposed, and took division. For going into Committee, 66; against, 17. BRODRICK moved to report progress. "How many are you?" asked COUNTEY in the Chair. Only fourteen rose in response to challenge. That not enough to justify division. Parnellites wildly cheered. LEWIS raised cry of despair. Useless, he says, for any Member of Opposition to take part in discussion. "Let us leave them to it," said BRODRICK; and the fourteen, rising, shook the dust of the House from off their feet, and haughtily quitted the Chamber amid uproarious mirth of Irish Members. As soon as they were gone, Bill passed through Committee, and Irish Members went home jubilant.

Business done.—ST. JOHN BRODRICK shocked.

Thursday.—A melancholy gathering to-night. The end of all things at hand. Few Members present talk in subdued voices, as if the corpse of the Parliament of 1886 were actually laid-out on the table where the Mace reposes. Irish Members try to get up row upon Belfast Main Drainage Bill. But it falls very flat. The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate denounces the action of the Lords in the matter of Returning Officers' Expenses Bill. "Monstrous!" he cries aloud. "The House of Commons in the position of slaves to the House of Lords!" But he would not press his objection to the point of division, "leaving," he said, "my country as judge between the Lords and the people."

RANDOLPH, faithful to the last, tried his hand at stirring the stagnant waters. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL on Monday had said something virtuous about retirement of an Indian Official upon a pension, and his subsequent appointment to a salaried office. CAMPBELL himself, RANDOLPH pointed out, had retired upon a pension at the age of fifty, which was certainly the prime of life; "if not," he

added, casting a critical glance at Sir GEORGE sitting opposite, nursing his knee, "to judge from the Hon. Gentleman's present appearance, a period of absolute youth." Sir GEORGE attempted to explain the difference. He (Sir GEORGE) was in receipt not of a pension, but of an annuity; at which fine distinction the House groaned, and getting itself Counted Out, went off to dinner.

Business done.—All!

Friday.—Prorogation. Old story over again, with its prevailing tone of depression and its fringe of absurdity. The five respectable Peers disguised in red gowns and cocked hats, seated on the Woolsack; one or two noble Lords in mufti, on the otherwise desolate benches. To them enter the SPEAKER, in wig and gown, accompanied by Sergeant-at-Arms, carrying mace and followed by indispensable Chaplain. Six months ago, when new House met, a turbulent mob fought and scrambled behind the SPEAKER, anxious for precedence. To-day comes a straggling throng of dejected senators, not quite certain that they will visit the scene any more. PETER used to keep his spirits up, even in these depressing circumstances. But PETER is away, fighting with the beasts at Burnley. Members miss his friendly slap on the shoulders, his humorous digitals seeking their ribs, and the sound of his hearty laughter. Will he come back again as a Leader among the Conservatives? Who shall say that, or much else about which men wonder.

Business done.—Parliament prorogued.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

To the Emperor of China.

[KWANG-SU, the young Emperor of China, is shortly going to be married.]



Oh, won't there be noise,
And a hullabaloo,
Mid the bold Pe-king boys,
When their ruler KWANG-SU;
That is when—the Emperor of
China
Must marry—of course, a Man-
chu.

For each fair Man-chu maid,
With her poor little feet,
Will be gaily arrayed,
With her fan all complete;
And they do the thing bravely in
China,
For lamps will illumine each
street.

And the bride will be hid,
In a mantle of gold.
She will do as folks bid
In the wise days of old;
For they love ancient customs in
China,
And all antique lore can unfold.

She'll be swathed to the chin,
With a hat on her head,
As the college Han-lin,
Has exhaustively said;
And be borne, 'tis the custom in
China,
In a big sedan-chair, painted
red.

And rich presents she'll spy,
Ancient porcelain made,
Like "Yu thang chia khi,"
In the Hall of the Jade;
They were great at such vases in
China,
Most nobly adorned and inlaid.
Here's your health then, KWANG-
SU,
Let barbarians say,
That they wish luck to you,
On your near wedding-day;
May you long live to rule over
China,
And hold a beneficent sway.

MR. ALFRED CAPPER'S Thought-Reading Séance at the Steinway Hall is well worth attending. He is no Mystic. The Séance is exactly what he styles it in his programme—an "Entertainment." Mr. CAPPER caps all the other Thought-Readers, and his Entertainment is Cappertal.

A LITTLE LATE.—It is fine weather just now, or there would have been something peculiarly appropriate in the *début* on the stage of a Mrs. MACKINTOSH, at the end of a Rainy Season. The overture, at her *première*, should be variations on *The Lost Chord*.

CRICKET—UNEQUAL MATCHES.

Drawn by Dumb-Crambo, Junior.



Yorks v. (Double) Gloucesters.



Lanky Shier v. Knots.



Australian Team v. Home Team.



Players v. Pa's Ease (Parasce).

VESPERÆ AMBROSIANÆ.

ANOTHER of Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S Concerts at the Albert Hall on Wednesday last, with English CUSINS, not one of the Cusins German, conducting the excellent orchestra. A very attractive programme. First came Signor FOL—whom Mrs. RAMBOTHAM always will call Signor FOL-LOL-LI,—who gave us a grand air from VERDI'S *Nabuco*, and his powerful voice would have filled the hall, if it had not been already crammed in every part—that is, as far as I could see.

Then Miss EMILY WISANT treated us to the Handelian "*Awake, Saturnia!*" which did not arouse the audience to great enthusiasm; not that this was in any way due to the singer, but to the uninteresting character of the song, and to the fact that we were all waiting for PATTI. The Diva, from Wales, sang *Bel raggio* from *Semiramide*, ("one of ROSSINI'S half-finished Operas" Mrs. RAMBOTHAM thinks; "or if not, why did he call it *Semiramide*?")—and after the *Dolce pensiero*, she was recalled four times, but did not "oblige again."

Then we all pulled ourselves together to hear the *Concert-Stück* on the pianoforte by VLADIMIR DE FACHMANN. But at this point the Concert stuck, for the unfortunate VLADIMIR was kept away from us by indisposition, and didn't appear.

Madame TREBELLI, in splendid costume, and still more splendid voice, sang "*Vieni che poi sereno*," which was so all serene-o that she was enthusiastically encoored; whereupon she gracefully returned, and earned fresh applause by giving *Carmen*'s first song.

The next number was to be "Scena and Chorus, '*Miserere*' (*Il Trovatore*)." By Madame ADELINA PATTI and Mr. SIMS REEVES. Harp and Harmonium *Obbligati*, Messrs. LOCKWOOD and L. ENGEL. Everybody on the tip-toe of expectation. Would SIMS REEVES come? Movement among audience. Buzz. "He's coming!" All hands ready to receive him. Here he is . . . No he isn't . . . Sigh of disappointment on the appearance of a very respectable elderly gentleman, who, it strikes us, as he stands anxiously and closely scrutinising the audience through his *pince-nez*, has been sent on by the Management to look round the house and ascertain if by any chance SIMS REEVES is sitting among the audience; in which case this Scrutator has been authorised to send for a policeman, and have him fetched out, and brought bodily on to the platform. Failing in his attempt to discover SIMS REEVES, he directs his attention to the harmonium, from which we gather that he is one of the "*Obbligati*" mentioned in the programme. Presently the other *Obbligato* enters, and goes to his harp; a crowd of men, having somewhat the air of policemen in plain clothes, now come on to the platform; and it occurs to us, as not altogether improbable, that the Manager, dissatisfied with the result of Mr. *Obbligato* Senior's reconnoitering, is employing a strong body of detectives and constables in undress to institute a search for the missing tenor. However, as they don't move off the stage, but huddle up together, in a shy and sheeplike way, in a corner, the idea gradually breaks upon the audience that this body of men represent the Chorus, which, in the Opera, is behind the scenes.

THE SONG OF THE SEEDY COMMON-COUNCILLOR
AFTER A WEEK'S FESTIVITIES.

AIR—"The Pilgrim of Love."

A DOCTOR who dwells in my neighbourhood crossed me,
As, seedy and queer, to my office I pressed;
The able man paused on his way to accost me,
And proffered advice that would give me some rest
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

"Yet 'arry, my friend, till this sad attack passes;
I'll send you some pills to relieve your aching head
The juice of the grape must not flow in your glasses.
And rush fast away from the most tempting spread."
"Ah no, courteous Doctor, though weary I be,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C.
For the seedy C. C., for the seedy C. C.,
No rest till Vacation for the seedy C. C."

FOR THE NEXT THEOLOGICAL EXAM.—How can there be any reasonable difficulty as to the story of JOWAN, when we know there are at this present time hundreds of people, including Madams PATTI, living in Wales?

JEALOUSY.—Lord TENNYSON was horrified at the notion of the Freshwater Railway. The Post Laureate doesn't like any lines but his own.

And now enter ADELINA—and there is a ray of hope that SIMS REEVES will yet, after all, and after everybody, appear. For where is *Manrico*, when this scene is performed on the operatic stage? In sight? No. He is shut up in prison, and sings from behind prison walls,—which must be a rare treat to walls that have ears. So, to keep up the illusion, perhaps our Great English Tenor is to be "heard without." We all hope for the best.

So *Obbligato* Senior starts the harmonium, and the constables in plain clothes begin their lugubrious chant, and PATTI, as *Leonora*, is as brilliant as she can be in a depressed sort of way, showing by a certain nervous anxiety, that she has not been let into the secret of the Eminent Tenor's hiding-place, and being evidently fearful that he may come out, with his solo, at any moment, and startle the life out of her. The Diva turns an anxious glance towards the entrance at the back, to which all eyes are now eagerly directed in feverish expectation that SIMS REEVES'S voice will issue from that quarter, and that he himself will be subsequently conducted out of his ambush by Conductor CUSINS, to receive the plaudits of the delighted audience.

Obbligato Junior, on the harp, commences. Now where—O where—is SIMS REEVES? In prison? . . . Hark! . . . A voice singing the famous "*Ah che la morte!*" We regard one another silently but blankly, as if saying, "This is not the voice of SIMS REEVES!" No; it is the voice of a Tenore Robusto—a tremendous busto! As far as SIMS REEVES is concerned, there is one portion of the prison-scene represented here, for it is, emphatically, "a cell." Who is it? Nobody knows. It is very kind of him, of course, whoever it is. But the audience do not appear to be sufficiently grateful when PATTI leads forward M. NICOLINI, who in this instance is the change for the other tenor.

In the Second Part Signor FOL-LOL-LI sang "*Oh, Ruddier*," and most of us wish he had made a better selection. Then Mr. *Obbligato* Senior strolls in, puts on his *pince-nez*, suddenly comes on a piano, smiles, and evidently says to himself, "Why, dear me, here's the very thing I want. I'll go and tell PATTI," and so he is going, when PATTI saves him farther trouble by stepping on to the platform, as fresh as ever, with a piece of music in her hand, with which she forthwith proceeds to delight us, being accompanied by *Obbligato* Senior, who turns out to be Mr. L. ENGEL, the composer of the song. He plays the accompaniment as if he were thoroughly enjoying himself. It is a music-hally kind of air, but it is so etherealised by PATTI'S singing, that she is warmly encoored; whereupon, greatly to the delight of *Obbligato* Senior, but rather to the disappointment of the audience, who hoped that she would follow TREBELLI'S example, and sing something else, she repeated "*Darling Mine*"—a title suggestive of Rio Tintos, Mysore, or Montanas, when paying from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. After one song from TREBELLI and an *aria* from PATTI, we sought something airer still in the grounds of "The Colinderies," and if we've any luck, we shall expect to hear the Great Invisible SIMS REEVES at the next Ambrosial Concert on Saturday week.

LORD RANDOLPH fixed on a Riding School for his speechifying last Saturday. Very appropriate place for politicians with hobbies.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess (who has just sung). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU DON'T SING, CAPTAIN LOVELL?"

Captain Lovell. "I ASSURE YOU—A—I'VE NO VOICE WHATEVER. A—UNFORTUNATELY, I—I'M A LISTENER!"

OFF!

Foot to foot, at fullest strain,
Muscles tense and beating brain,
Forward knee and clenched hand,
See the rival champions stand!
See them straining on the start,
Masters of the runner's art,
Feet a-spring for the first bound,
Toes that barely touch the ground,
Breath ingathered, watchful eyes;
What a race, for what a prize!

As the champions toe the scratch,
Scarce it looks an equal match.
Sturdy manhood doth not wage
Equal war with silvered age.
But the veteran in this race
Is a marvel. Power and pace
Fail him not for all his years,
Odds he laughs at, mocks at fears.
Spare, steel-sinewed, springy still,
Fleet of foot and firm of will,
Confident and cheery, he
Struggles for the mastery,
With whatever comer dares
Challenge him. He nothing cares
For disparity of age,
Lifting every rival's gage.

Yet, though steely still and stout,
WILL hath here his work cut out.
Swarthy CECIL, stern and grim
As *Black Douglas*, bears with him
All the hopes of many a man
Who till late, when WILLIAM ran,

Backed him with his voice and cash.

Now, for all his fire and dash,
Many a backer falls away,
Deeming WILL has had his day.
Yon Corinthian, CAVENDISH,
Cuts him; if he hath his wish
WILL, whom he was wont to back,
Will not win upon *this* track.
Birmingham's pedestrian pet
Odds against him longs to bet;
Fancies he himself might win,
If against him he cut in.
Many another ancient friend,
Once thought faithful to the end,
Of allegiance firm and fixed,
Slips from him. The crowd is
mixed.
Hosts who cheered him on of old,
Now are hostile, or are cold;
Doubtful of his course and cause,
Whispering that his friends'
applause
Is but tribute to his pluck,
Out of form, and out of luck.

Time will tell. The time's at hand.
WILL, the runner, old yet grand,
Sets his foot and sets his face
Once more to the goal. His race,
Whether lost or whether won,
Will be fairly, gamely run.
All, however stout or fast,
Must give in to time at last.
If once more he is returned
"WILL the Winner," 'twill be
earned

By a blend of pace and stay
None will match for many a day.
If, from choosing a wrong course,
Or mismeasuring his force,
He should lose this crowning race,
Failure will not bring disgrace.

Fortune shifts, youth will be served;
Since he never shirked or swerved,
They who triumph need not scoff
At the veteran. Hush! they're off!

To Amateur and Professional Warblers.

DR. MORELL MACKENZIE has written a learned work on *The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs*, which Messrs. MACMILLAN have published in one volume of sound—which is in one good sound volume. Excellent advice is given in it, and words of wisdom are spoken by Dr. MORELL MACKENZIE, when he attributes "the great lack of good voices" nowadays, to the "feverish hurry and impatience of modern life, which makes pupils and teachers alike most anxious for immediate success, however ephemeral, than for lasting results." *Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*, is the moral of MORELL MACKENZIE'S advice.

This cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* potted:—

LADY'S MAID and SECRETARY and VALET.—WANTED, A married couple, without children, to travel with a Lady and Gentleman. The wife must be a thorough lady's maid, and understand dressmaking, hair-dressing, and be strong, active, and a good packer. The husband must understand shorthand, and be a good writer, and be willing to perform all the duties of a secretary, butler, and valet, and ride on the carriage out of livery. The wages for the two would be £52 per annum, and everything found.—Address by letter, with fullest detailed particulars, in husband's handwriting, to —.

This appeared about a fortnight ago. We wonder if the Advertiser has yet found this wonderful couple. That he is an old soldier is evident from the final condition as to the handwriting.

SOMETHING QUITE NEW.—The Prefect of Police in Paris is going to "adapt from the English" our method of managing traffic in the most crowded parts of the Metropolis. Aha! So, at last, "They manage these things better in London."



“ THE START.”

(GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE G.O.M. AND “THE MARKISS.”)



1874-1881

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.



OR sum long time past I've bin a thinking how wery Hartstick all the world's a becoming, leastways all sich people as is anybody, such as Lords, Hem Pens, Haldermen, Haectors, and Hed Waiters. In my own partickler case, it shows how use accustoms us to strange bedfellers! I remember the fust time as I ever seed a reel grand fust rate Pictur Gallery, witch it was at the Hague in Olland, I was that shockt, that I was quite glad to get away for fear anybody should see me as knowed me. But after the fust blush of the thing, so to speak, I got jest as brazen as the rest of the people, and can now go and have a look at the werry how-dahusset of the hole lot, without even blinking. I've still that little grace left in me that I prefers to go alone, and woodn't go with a reel lady as I loved and respected, no not for untold gold, which I presumes means preshus little. But I begins to feel as I'm a tredding on dangerous ground, so I'd best leave it afore the hicc gives way. So with the werry nateral

question who buys the Staggerers? I passes on.

The werry fust person as I met on my visit to the Academy the other day, was a old frend of mine in the shoemaking line. He was a coming out, as I was a going in, so he had only time to say, don't forget Mr. ROBERT, to have a good look at the boots as the hartista paints, and then you'll see what dunces they are in that most important respect. There's hardly one of their best portraits as could walk in 'em. That's wot I calls reel criticism. The fust thing as caught my eye in the werry fust room, was what I was told was a studdy in pink and white, and so it was, literally, for the dress was all pink and white, and the face was all white excep a nice little pink nose. How charmed the lady must be with the hartist's truthfulness. It's jist the same in another pictur, where the pore gentleman's breakings out all over his pore face, is all done to a pimpel. Nothink like truthfulness in Boots, but in regard to sum faces, I shoud recommend jist a leetle play of fanny.

Finding as there wasn't no names on the picturs, I was forced to buy a Catlog to see what they was all about, but strange to say it wasn't hardly of no use. For instance now, there's a great Pictur of a werry powerful gent, with werry few clothes on, a carrying off a lady who don't appear to have none, and one on 'em has upset a salad bowl, and I was of coarse natrally ankshus to know which did it, and why, and why he didn't give her time to dress herself, poor thing, afore he carried her off, and how it is as he looks as if he did that sort of thing about wunce a week, and thort nothink of it, and why he sticks out his chest so, and dubbles his fist to show as he doesn't mean to stand no nonsense. So I looks at my shilling Catlog, and what do I find? "*Cassandra*," by SOLOMON SOLOMON, and that's all! and all I can say funder is, that if CASSANDRA behaved in that shameful way to the poor lady, he ought to be ashamed of himself, even if she did upset the bowl. Then there's another won almost as great a staggerer as the other. Fancy about a dozen full-grown ladies going out a hunting of a pore little rabbit, with both his four legs a broken, on such a remarkabel hot summer day as makes 'em all wear no clothes to speak of, except a scarf or two, and having a cuppel of leppards, tied together like two gray hounds, to help 'em, and one of the demme semme nude ladys a squeezing a cuppel of snakes to death, and all on em with great big spears, a hurling on em at the pore little rabbit, doesn't one want to have it all explained. I knows as it must be in Burnham Beeches, coz I nose the trees, but I wants to know to which great Buckenhamshere family they all belongs, and wot does the Catlog tell me? "*Menads*," by Hon. JOHN COLLIER, and that's all! Then all I can say is, whatever might have been thort of the Miss Menads, hunting on foot in that shameless costum, when the Burnham Beeches was private property, that now that it

belongs to the Copperashun, it ort to be put a stop to, or we shall have the Committee going down there too or three times a week, to see whether it's still a going on.

But the best of the fun is that where you don't require not no explanation, because the pictur speaks for itself, then you gets it in full. Take for instance the pictur that to my mind is the gem of the whole lot, the pictur that pulled me up sharp, directly I seed it, and that I studded agane and agane, afore I could tare myself away. It's a pictur of a Luncheon in the country, and such a Luncheon! there's fust of all a game pie, and then a cut Am, and then such a perfectly lovely peace of streaky cold roast Beef, as makes yer mouth warter ony to look at, and a bottle of Sherry, and setterer, and then jest to give the natteral finishing touch to the hole, there's a keen-looking elderly party, a pouring hisself out a foaming glass of old ale, before any of the other Gents has arrived, tho you can see 'em a coming in the distance. I turns to my Catlog and I am told it's "*The Sportsmen's Luncheon*," why of course it is, but fancy my astonishment to find as it's painted by a lady, Miss EDITH HAYLLAR, and I hail her accordingly. But I ought to have discovered that too, for I werry much dout if any R. A. of the whole lot, could have painted such a perfectly marvellus tablecloth! I noticed two things as most of the painters paints werry well, and them's Donkeys and Pigs, whether there's any partickler reason for this, it is not for me to say, or weather any moral is to be drawn therefrom, but, ewen if so, I trust as I knows as them is misterys far too deep for my plumber to sound.

ROBERT.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE;

OR, RANDOLPH ON THE RAMPAGE.

The following Address has been issued to the Electors of S—th P—dd—ngt—n:—

GENTLEMEN,

It is time that somebody should speak out. Nature has never cried aloud to me for repose, or even for a becoming modesty in the expression of my political views, and if Nature had done so, I should not have listened to her. Speaking with as much impartiality as I can possibly muster, and carefully avoiding the least exuberance of language, I now denounce Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill as a nefarious and rascally mixture of vanity, bunkum, blarney, misprision of treason, flat burglary, and political arson, for which the very least punishment that he deserves is penal servitude for the remainder of his ill-spent existence. Some may think my expressions exaggerated, though in my opinion they are ridiculously weak, and when I really set myself to it, I can call over so much worse names than these! Without some degree of plain-speaking, how on earth is the country and my own reputation—especially the latter—to be preserved? If you want a puff you must be tart. The man who hesitates—to impute motives and sling Billingsgate—is lost in modern English politics. We have now to deal with an opponent who combines the worst qualities of NERO, MACHIAVELLI, NAPOLEON the Great, SANCHO PANZA, BLUEBEARD, and the late Mr. PEACE. England is suffering from "One-Man Rule," and it is for that reason alone, and, as you can imagine, with an almost inconceivable amount of reluctance, that I dwell so much on the personal aspects of the question, a course which as a general rule, I am known most studiously to avoid.

Our chief antagonist is called the "Grand Old Man." I think the whole controversy will be raised on to a much higher and more statesmanlike level, if I call him at once the Grand Old Donkey. Or to put it still more convincingly, instead of "One-Man Rule," we are in danger of One-Maniac Rule! You, Gentlemen, who are some of you—destined to be the progenitors of a numerous posterity, (none of whom I trust you will see reason to leave unsupported, and in consequence chargeable to the parish,) know well that the Home-Rule Bill was bred in Bedlam, and hatched at Colney Hatch, and that for mingled imbecility, poltroonery, dare-devil recklessness, superhuman cunning, and utter idiocy, it has never been equalled. The Conservative Party has the support of men like Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. DALE, and Mr. SPURGEON,—men whose opinions in the past, it has treated with such unvarying deference and respect! Do you want to see India lost, Burmah abandoned, all our Colonies declaring war on us, Heligoland showing signs of disloyalty, the Samoan Islanders mutinous, and an active volcano established in Hyde Park? If you don't, vote as one man (or one sheep), for me, and the cause of political moderation and morality!

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

WE always thought the Freemasons were a peaceable Brotherhood, and yet, at the Grand Ceremonial at Brighton, the prayer was offered up by the Dean of Battle.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM understands that Mr. HENRY IRVING didn't get a degree confirmed on him at Oxford, because it was refused by the Council of the Abominable Board.



OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

(A Scene in the Park during "The Colindale" Season.)

"SHE LOVED HIM FOR THE DANGERS HE HAD FART,
AND HE LOVED HER THAT SHE DID FITY THEM!"

ELECTIONEERING MADE EASY.

SCENE—A Meadow. Thunder and Lightning.
Enter an Election Agent and a Clown.

Agent. Stormy day, GILES?

Clown. Ees.

Agent. Storms all over the country. Regular Election weather. Of course, I don't ask who are you going to vote for—but what may be your political views?

Clown (grinning). Aa! Dree acres and a keow.

Agent. Very good principles. Only perhaps, they're hardly just yet within the range of practical politics.

Clown (taking a sight). Hee!

Agent. Five pounds in the pocket is better than three acres and a cow in the dim and distant future. Isn't it?

Clown. Aye.

Agent. But of course, your vote couldn't possibly be bought, because you know that would be bribery.

Clown. I s'pose you manes a bargain.

Agent. Well, yes, but 'tis against the law. And I wouldn't be so base as to bribe anybody. Besides it would be throwing away money. My friend, Mr. STUMPEYDOWN, has no chance. A hundred to one against him. One hundred shillings is five pounds.

Clown (scratching his head). Um!

Agent. I shouldn't mind betting you, five pounds to a shilling—or say a farthing,—that STUMPEYDOWN doesn't get in!

Clown. Ood 'ee, though?

Agent. I would. If you like, I will. Let it be a farthing. If I lose, I'll pay you punctually, six months after he has taken his

seat. Suppose I win, you needn't trouble yourself to pay me, until I ask you.

Clown (winking). Done! You be a gentleman, you be.

Agent. And you are a free and independent Elector. (It begins to rain.) Hallo, I say, it's coming down. We had better be off as fast as we can. Good day. (Terrific flash of lightning and peal of thunder. Exit severally, and Scene closes.)

Good Omen.

PHILIPPE DE PARIS

With us means to tarry,
For him the Republic expels.
This step of PHIL'S
Leaves behind him all ill,
And brings him to Tunbridge Wells.

Two Mottoes in the Holloway Sanatorium are "Nil desperandum" and "Salve." Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thought in the first "N" was a misprint for "P"; and of the second she said, "Why not call things by their names, and write up 'Ointment' at once?"

ILLUSTRATION OF "GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION."—Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent tour in Scotland. "Surely," writes an Unionist Correspondent, "that was a real G.O.M.et-trick-all Progression!"

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. WENDELL HOLMES the other day. She says, "They may well call such a voluminous writer 'The Autograph of the Breakfast-table.'"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE ROMANCE OF MATHEMATICS."

SUBTLE humour in rheumatics,
Doubtless there may chance to be;
Poesy in hydrostatics,
Some day you may hope to see:
Since that Mr. HAMPSON, he
Finds romance in mathematics,
In his book, which, o'er their tea,
Girton Girls will read with glee!

"A LEFT-HANDED MARRIAGE."

ALL lovers of LISZT, I should say, will not fail
To read Mrs. BERINGER's well-written tale!

"HEALTH LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE."

HERE are all kinds of lectures on Health for the many,
They are practical, clear—and they each cost a penny!
By the best men they're written: throughout the whole
nation.
They should doubtless achieve an immense circulation!

"TWO PINCHES OF SNUFF."

AN uncommon tale, which should much interest all—
I think you'll allow there's sensation enough—
Of incident full; it is written by WESTALL,
And has for its title *Two Pinches of Snuff*.

"ABOUT THE THEATRE."

WILLIAM ARCHER—a sort of a "bill of the play"—
Kindly gives his ideas of the Stage of to-day,
The "Essays and Studies" containing his views
Are found in this volume—which some may peruse!

"DRAMATIC NOTES."—A contribution to *The History of the Stage* pleasantly written by Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON, will be instructive and entertaining to all to whom anything connected with the boards does not imply one form of boardroom. There are good photographic portraits of Mrs. KENDAL and Miss ELLEN TERRY in character, also of Mr. IRVING and Mr. BARRETT.

TO THE EXILED PRINCES.

"La République a peur."—*Manifesto of the Comte de Paris.*

A FOOLISH fear that conscious strength would scorn!

Is the Republic of all force forlorn,
That, thus in womanish unworthy dread,
She shrinketh from the sound of Frenchmen's tread

Upon French soil? 'Tis honest friendship asks.

To blame is the unwelcome of tasks,
But from such fear a policy to seek
Is the bewildered counsel of the weak.
Expatriated Princes, England makes
No question, but your hands in silence takes.
BRITANNIA lately offered you a home
Through *Punch's* page, and, now that you
have come,

Welcome, Messieurs! However fate befall,
The Exile's Home is open still to all.
Goodwill to France from lip to lip shall run,
And England fain would see all Frenchmen one.

Beneath whatever Flag. But since once more
France drives a band of exiles from her shore,
We give them welcome and safe refuge here,
Till patriot courage shall have banished fear.

• See Mr. *Punch's* picture, "To the Princes," Vol. 90, p. 267.

"THERE'S a Mr. LAMPLUGH been writing to Lord HARTINGTON about politics," exclaimed Mrs. R. "If he's the gentleman I think he is, he'd much better stick to his Pyrotechnic Saline, and not trouble himself about what he doesn't understand."

MEMS. AT COMMEMORATION.

Picked up by an Ice Pail.

OUR ARTIST'S DREAM OF COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD.

UNCOMMONLY hot at this *soirée*, but being conveniently placed under the refreshment counter, managed to catch a good deal of the casual conversation going on overhead. Gather, amid general talk about Show Sunday, the two Balls, Procession of Boats, and other local matters, that the lions of the evening have just arrived in the shape of a distinguished Radical Statesman and well-known Tragedian. They are sure to want a cup of tea, and so they'll soon probably turn up here, and I shall hear what they've got to say. I thought so. Here they are, and the Warden is introducing them. They appear not to have met before. The distinguished Radical Statesman, who is fairly stout, has white hair, and does not wear an eyeglass, is explaining to the well-known Tragedian, that he has come up because, much to his astonishment, they have intimated to him their intention of conferring on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Says he can't think what on earth he has done in their eyes to merit the honour, unless it be that his recent political turn-about-face has had something to do with it. "It is like asking me to put my head in the lion's mouth," he adds.

The well-known Tragedian listens attentively, and, adjusting his *pince-nez*, turns to the Warden, and asks, it struck me in a melancholy voice, for what sort of services these "honorary degrees" were conferred. The reply was, that any remarkable work in any line of life made one eligible as a recipient.

"Then why should I," asks the Tragedian, bitterly, "be left out in the cold?"

"Surely," rejoins the others in a breath, "they are going to give you something on Wednesday?"

"Nothing, my good Sirs," answered the Tragedian, "absolutely nothing—"

"Degree, or no degree, that is the question."

He continued, with a sub-acid smile—

"Yet have I done the Stage some service."

And, as he folds his arms and takes 'the room, I think he would have quoted several

appropriate passages from the Immortal Bard, to fortify his case, had not his interlocutors coughed him down with wellbred *emprossement*.

"Never mind," they say; "there has been some mistake. Depend upon it, they will find it out, and give it you some other year."

The Tragedian looks annoyed. "But I wish it now," he says. "It's for the gown and cap I want. Think what *éclat* it would have given me! Think what an advertisement it would have been for me to have figured in University costume on the walls of next year's Academy! I can see myself. The get-up is superb! Tell me, is there nothing to be done," he continues, clutching eagerly at the Warden's sleeve as he speaks, "that will help me to the immediate assumption of some Academical costume? Could I matriculate as a Postmaster, a Proctor, a Bull-dog,—anything? Forgive me if I am a little mixed, but your University terms are as yet fresh and unfamiliar to me."

The Warden gives a low prolonged whistle. "So, so;—that is it, is it?" he replies. And then a not unkindly smile passes over his face. "Have you ever," he asks, "composed a comic song?"

"No; but I could try," replies the Tragedian.

"For I was thinking," continues the Warden, "that perhaps, if everything else failed, we might manage to make you a Doctor of Music."

"And the costume?" breathlessly inquires his interrogator.

"Quite magnificent," replies the other, "pink and crimson silk. You wouldn't know yourself, well folded across the front, you could pass for a Doge anywhere!"

The Tragedian seizes his hand. "Thanks, thanks,—a thousand thanks!" he cries effusively, and then a crowd of admirers closing round them, I couldn't catch any more of the talk which left me, I confess, somewhat in doubt as to its upshot. The matter, however, was cleared up at an afternoon luncheon and garden-party, on the following Wednesday, where I heard the Public Orator describing to the



Chorus of Oxford Dons refusing Mephistopheles a Degree.

Warden, the lively scene that had just taken place in the Shel-



Mr. Bright, in D.C.L. Robes, Brighter than ever.

conversation at the previous *soirée*; but I reflected, give him a turn at something better another year."

donian, that same morning. The distinguished Radical Member had received his D.C.L., amidst all the peculiar Undergraduate honours special to the occasion, but nothing was said about the well-known Tragedian, whenever appeared, and who evidently, if he tried it, had not been found equal to the required composition!

"I thought he wasn't up to a comic song," I remarked to myself, as I recalled his excitable "perhaps they'll

COMPARING NOTES.

MADAME LIEBHART'S *Matinée Musicale* at St. James's Hall was a typical "benefit" concert. An enormously long programme, upon which appeared a formidable array of singers and players, was commenced at 2.30. But, as usual at these overgrown affairs, many of the artists who gave their services either did not arrive in time to come on in their proper turn, or else were dissatisfied with the place allotted to them on the programme. Anyhow, the latter was so far "subject to alteration" as to be of little practical utility; and in certain instances the disagreeable impression was unavoidably conveyed that an engagement entered upon to oblige a sister artist was not considered to be so stringent, or worth keeping so punctually, as a paid one. Mr. *Punch* holds the very opposite view. Though the entertainment consisted of two Parts, it was impossible to say where Part I. ended, as the "Blue Hungarian Band," which was set down for its final number, played incontinently about half way through it, and Mr. SCOVEL subsequently sang a song out of Part II., while Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA did not show up at all while I was present.

Such among the audience as had books of the words were largely occupied in "comparing notes" with each other, to determine, as they feverishly turned over the leaves, "where they were;" and when Mr. RICCI, who had only one song to sing, and should have sung "*Israëli*," in English, by OLIVER KING, started off in *Italian*, many of us felt hurt. The bulk of the programme was, however, gone through, if somewhat capriciously, and some of the most pitiful samples of the contemporary ballad were rehearsed with all the fatuous complacency of the vocalist who does not apparently perceive that he or she is degrading music and the English language at the same time. That an artist like Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING (who, to do her justice, was "up to time") should feel justified in coming forward with such a thing as "*Children Asleep*," wherein a poverty-stricken and alip-shod setting fittingly conveys the rancid ooze of a crazy sentiment in the words, is only less surprising than that a man who has taken the degree of Doctor—whether of Medicine or Music—should be capable of writing "*The Loca Tryst*," ascribed to Dr. R. WOGAN MACDONNELL, and sung by Mr. SCOVEL. It is difficult to say whether words or tune are feeblest. "*The Little Hero*," too, composed and sung by Mr. MAYBRICK, is a masterpiece of pathetic futility. This bright work contains four verses of sixteen lines each, and necessitates in performance something of the fluency involved in a successful recital of "*Peter Piper picked*."

Among the redeeming features of a Concert which must have been sorely harassing to the giver of it—(just fancy standing in the artists' room while the last notes of a piece are being played, and wondering whether the performer you have been depending on has forgotten the day!)—must be mentioned Madame LIEBHART'S own rendering of "*I Dreamt that I died*," and the "*Chanson d'Amour*," sung by Mlle. MARIE DE LIDO. This number, from the pen of M. HOLLMAN, who himself played the violoncello obbligato, is instinct with originality and charm. His rare refinement and correctness of intonation were also heard with pleasure in two solos for the instrument of which he is one of the best players in London. He seems to have a peculiar faculty of selecting taking but good and

effective music, and his performance on this occasion—particularly of a "*Valse lente*" by RAUL PUGNO—was characterised by his usual artistic excellence.

M. EUGENE OUDIN deserves especial praise for his good delivery of two songs by KJERULF. But the music would not have enhanced the reputation of a SMITH. Miss FANNY DAVIES played carefully, unostentatiously, and beautifully, on the piano, a prelude in A flat, by CHOPIN, and a very difficult *gigue*. The "Blue Hungarian Band" are a queer folk. Very "jumpy" was the piece I heard them in. No name vouchsafed. They got very slow indeed at times, and then fiddled away for their very lives. This is in the Hungarian "taste."

NIRELUNOLET.

THE POLITE POLICEMAN.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "VINDEK," and complains bitterly of his treatment by the Force, alleging that he has twice quite lately been knocked down and trampled on at a crossing, told to get inside his horse, and been several times taken into custody for threatening to give evidence hostile to a Constable in a street row, writes to say that, as he hears that Sir CHARLES WARREN is about to look into the whole question, and deal effectively with the "morals and manners" of the Police, he has a few preliminary suggestions to offer as to their proper drill and training to this end. Passing over the fact that he would have their "domestic antecedents" inquired into before allowing them to enlist in the Force, so that none but men of "genial, equable, amiable, and philanthropic temperament" should be admitted, he begins by insisting, to insure a proper polish being given to this rough material, that it should be incumbent on all fresh recruits to go through a course of deportment and dancing, and pass an examination in the "smaller amenities of social etiquette." For the latter he supplies a brief specimen paper, which is as follows:—

1. When a crowd is creating a block on the pavement, and you are anxious to make it circulate, what polite phrase would you use instead of the customary and brutal, "Now then, move on?"
 2. If jeered at for your efforts, which prove ineffective, and your helmet is knocked off your head from behind, with what good-humoured banter would you naturally reply?
 3. On meeting with a drunk and incapable case, it is your duty to endeavour not to lock it up, but to see it safely home. Calling a four-wheeled cab for this purpose, are you justified, if you have to pay it, in endeavouring to recover the fare, or should you willingly defray the expense from your own pocket?
 4. Coming up with a burglar, you explain to him gently, that perhaps, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, you ought to take him into custody, when he seizes your truncheon, and suddenly knocks you down. Ought you to get up and endeavour to pursue him, or generously give him the chance of a fresh start?
 5. An omnibus runs into a private carriage, and all three horses are down with the proprietors sitting on their respective heads. If, when you intervene, you are told, "just to mind your own business," ought you, bowing politely to the crowd, to say, "Well, Gentlemen, —as you will," and quietly resume your beat?
- A good deal more follows, and the directions for drill, include, "the elegant handing of ladies over crowded crossings," the "escorting and holding open umbrellas over them in the rain," the "pleasant way of dealing with unmuzzled dogs," and "the singing of sweet ditties after dark in suburban neighbourhoods," all of which accomplishments, are to be left in the hands of thoroughly instructed, and well qualified Inspectors. Indeed the scheme is very complete, and could scarcely fail if carried out, not only to relieve the Force of the charge of churlishness that has lately attached to it, but to invest it at the same time with a thorough *bonhomie* and good breeding that would soon grow proverbial and render the words "Police" and "Politeness," nothing more or less than convertible terms.

Linton v. Robinson.

If one fact is worth a thousand arguments, one hundred and sixty-eight facts must be worth so many arguments that we have not time to work it out. All these facts are assembled at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours by Sir JAMES LINTON, and they—we forgot to say the facts are water-colour drawings of the highest class, and most of them of venerable age—effectually and finally prove that water-colours are permanent. Anyone can see at a glance—before you can say J. C. ROBINSON—that water-colours do not fade. So

J. C. ROBINSON, he
Must acknowledge his notions are fiddlededee!

Let it be clearly understood there are to be no further arguments on the matter. Sir JAMES LINTON has proved his case. Judge *Punch* has given a verdict in his favour, and so every one else may shut up, and take a back seat. Hooray!

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